

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."
"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME III. No 12.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, MARCH 15, 1860.

WHOLE No. 48.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ADA.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

They call you happy, well, I know
The world would judge you so,
It never seems to think that smiles
Can hide a weight of woe,
You dress, and dance, and jest, and sing
What cares it for the rest?
It questions not if gay-plumed wings
Droop o'er a wounded breast.

I've seen thee in the mystic dance
With lovers by thy side,
And wondered, as you smiled on them,
If love had bowed to pride.
And then I've looked into your heart
Down through your calm blue eyes,
And seen a myrtle-covered grave
Where memory ever sighs.

You two have parted. 'Tis the same
As though you'd never met,
Well, 'tis an easy thing to part
But harder to forget,
He was your husband. I should think
The heart chords you have swept
Will, though you may be severed wide,
Vibrate a little yet.

And he, your beautiful, bright boy,
Will ask his father's name
When he is older. Heaven grant
Reform may shield from shame.
'Tis sad, 'tis sad, but let it pass,
Smile on, 'tis better so.
The heart which bears alone its grief
Adds not to others woe.

HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY D. S. FRACKER.

Tho' wealth and fame may treasure'd be,
And counted great in store,
More precious far, the golden gleams
From heaven's open door.

Those golden gleams which for us shine,
To guide in paths of love,
And streaming down, doth ope to view,
Immortal spheres above.

I would not give my spirits hope,
For all the gems or gold,
That ever starr'd a kingly crown,
Or mountain gorges roll'd.

For wealth, nor fame, nor learning, too,
Can match the glad'ning sway,
When o'er the soul's deep darkness, flows
The flush of dawning day—

The rosy flush of heaven's dawn,
That stoopeth to the sad,
Like angel wings, to upward bear,
The loosen'd soul to God.

Brockport, N. Y., Feb'y, 1860.

[Selected.]

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An angel came to us and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air,
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed, as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not that we daily see,
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTER FROM RICHARD REALF.

Because, dear Madam, I am neither acquainted with the nature of the particular reforms which it is the office of the "Agitator" to discuss and champion, nor gifted with intellectual power to grapple with the difficulties which beset them, I shall not, in this brief scrawl, which the silent magnetism of your womanhood, rather than your spoken invitation, has elicited, attempt to say anything original, brilliant, or profound, all of which excellencies I leave to the undisputed possession of whoever chooses to consider himself a genius.

Permit me, however, to say, that I am by no means inclined to sneer at any of the movements which are included among the Modern Reforms. There must be a truth in each of them, else none of them could possibly exist. There must be errors in all of them, else wherefore the clash and the conflict? I think they are more valuable, considered as negations rather than as positivisms; as protests against the dominance of the insufficient, rather than prophecies in regard to the perfect. *Dissecta membra* is all we get of Truth. I do not think Spiritualism is more. Perhaps it is not less.

I conceive the fundamental error in all our reasonings upon the rights and wrongs of the world, to consist in our aptness to forget what complex, many-sided things we are dealing with. Facts beget hypothesis; hypothesis begets theory; and certainly if the hypothesis inferred from the fact be true, then the theory which follows will very likely be true also. But we are mistaken in dealing with facts as the most simple and intelligible things in the world, for they are, in reality, the most profoundly and inscrutably mysterious, presenting manifold qualities in consistency and unity, and thus expressing a diversity of meanings which cannot be gathered up into a form of logical explanation. Our explanation of facts may be very different from the fact explained.

In this complexity of facts is contained the material of the world's innumerable theories; for in so great a store of properties belonging to the self-same thing, every man's mind may take hold of some special consideration above the rest; and it is characteristic of facts that, seen through any given theory, they always seem to prove only that one, though really affording equal proof to fifty other theories. Many of the elements, perhaps all the elements of truth, may meet together in a fact, and nothing is more common than for several minds to single out different elements of the same fact, and then go on to reason from a part as from the whole. Hence the variety of opinions respecting the same fact; generalizing too hastily from the surface of things, we often arrive at contradictory conclusions, forgetting that of a given fact a vast many things may be true in their place and degree, yet none of them true in such sort as to hinder the truth of

others. Human life is full of practical, as well as speculative errors and mistakes, resulting from this partial and one-sided view of things. We are continually mistaking and substituting our individual impressions for universal truth, assuming that all people are bound to think as we think, feel as we feel, and see as we see, and concluding them very weak or very worthless unless their opinions coincide with ours. Within the circle of our own conventionalities, we often attain a sort of profundity; but in proportion as we become profound there, we become unintelligible or uninteresting to those beyond our convention. Floating amid the local accidents of humanity, we are intelligible to, and intelligent of, those only who are within the circle of the same accidents; but if we could dive to the universal attributes of humanity, we should at once become intelligible to, and intelligent of, all; because, occupying the focal point of nature, where the various colored rays of partial truth meet and blend together into the pure white light of universal truth, we could throw them back upon the world in their sovereign integral whole.

This may serve to show why it is that I chose neither to condemn nor to endorse the political, social and religious reforms of the age; and this, too, may in some degree explain my reasons for refusing to call John Brown a martyr, in which class of people, indeed, I have not much faith. And now that I have mentioned his name, permit me further to say that I do most honestly believe the old hero (that is his proper appellation—for, whether cooking a beef-steak or leading an army, he was heroic in every act of his life,) is not at all grateful for the canonization with which his memory has been compelled. He entered, on assuming the control of his movements, into a tacit agreement with Virginia, that if he failed he submitted to be dealt with as a criminal. He performed his part of the contract—how manfully we all know: Virginia performed hers also; it was certainly the most ignoble part, but she nevertheless performed it; and, seeing that the engagement between herself and John Brown is consummated, it were a great deal better in Virginia to hold her peace, because every murmur of discontent she utters is an acknowledgment before earth, and heaven, and hell, that to her was accorded the worst part of the bargain.

I am afraid I have been somewhat indecorously amused at the various speculations of people in regard to my former connection with John Brown. One newspaper (the Philadelphia Ledger) writes me down in a long editorial as "quick, ardent, enthusiastic, able, earnest, truthful, sincere, utterly fearless of consequences, and with that sort of boundless faith in the goodness of others which inspires confidence and makes others good to him." The Washington States and Union scolds me like a virago for having, it claims, made the government preserve my life from assassination, and transport me from Texas to the North, that I might in my

testimony exculpate the Republican party from the Democratic charge of complicity with John Brown's raid. Redpath, the author of the old hero's biography, conceived an impression that I had sold myself to the South, and so attached an opprobrious epithet to my name. A democratic organ in this city is mightily exercised because I have given a little money to a "traitor" who escaped from Harper's Ferry; and men of both parties are greatly puzzled to know how it is that I can condemn Brown's insurrection and yet vindicate his personal character, and make donations to those who were engaged with him in his enterprise. And thus I answer them all: O! Brother, O! Friend,—Do not perplex yourself with perpetual prying into that which will not avail you. Is it not enough that you cannot understand me; without unnecessarily vexing yourself with futile effort? Perhaps you are above me, perhaps below, or it may chance that, though afar off, we are equal. If I choose to baulk your criticism and baffle your analysis, what is that to you? Look you, friend. I appeal from your customs, your rules, your measurements. I do not stand in awe of you. I will not seek to conciliate you. I will not pay you hypocritical attentions. I do not desire your suffrage. If I am noble, it will presently manifest itself; if I am base, I shall not always be able to conceal it. If it can show itself in no other way, it will ooze out at my finger ends. This world is God's great whispering gallery. Speak we never so low, it roars like the thunder of an avalanche. Act we never so secretly, it blazes along the dark with insufferable blinding distinctness like lightning. Hide we away in places never so silent and far removed, the fiery finger will point us out, the inflexible pursuing voice will transfix us with the discerning words, "Thou art the man." It is most egregious folly to attempt to play hide and seek with our Maker. Wherefore, if I can neither lift an arm, nor raise a foot, nor utter the slightest word under my breath, without having it thrill upward and downward to the shining pillars of heaven and the ghastly pits of hell—if I am thus encompassed with unspeakable responsibilities and thus surrounded with unutterable grandeurs which flash in upon me through all the avenues of my being—if I have entered into a spiritual contract with God, to the performance of which I am pledged by all sweetness of peace and all sublimity of repose, and the failure of my duty wherein will involve me in consequences more perilous than hell—what is it to me if you cannot gauge me with your personal standards? Why will you leave your politics, your merchandize, your money-making, only that you may grow vexed and petulant? If you are true, I am glad of it, for it is so much the better for you. But go your way, and leave me to go mine. If I wrong you I am a fool; if you injure me you are not the less so, for you thereby constitute yourself my abject debtor, and possess me with a lien upon your soul. Let us, therefore, be careful how we judge each other. I ask nothing from my fellows, because I know that in the endless mutations of things; only he who has power will at last be able to stand erect. I shall quit my whole system of things—faith, doctrine, action—wherever they retard the growth and development of my nature. Because I am desirous that my life shall be a progress and not a station, I am insolent to obtain rest, sympathy, or reputation. I am content to submit to the inconveniences of suspense and imperfect opinion, rather than arrogate to myself the presumption that I alone possess the truth. Recognizing that the world is illimitable and infinite, whilst my perception is limited and finite, I do not care to be dogmatic, and am cautious to abstain from mooring myself to a theory. Being a candidate for a very high but very nameless office, which is not, however, elective, I am necessitated to afflict some, confound

others, and outrun the sympathy of all. But I will measure the circle of the earth with my shoes to discover the man or the woman who can yield me Truth. Whoso seeks to know more in regard to me must wait.

RICHARD REALF.

MY RELIGION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

ARTICLE IV.—CONCLUDED.

The glutton will call his anaconda appetite a craving of Nature; the drunkard says it is Nature prompts him to degrade himself below the swine. The sensualist has the same defence, but Nature, reason and Spirituality reject it as untrue. We have judgement, we are capable of effort; every perverted faculty may be turned into its appropriate and diviner channel. *This is the greatest battle of the age, and angels aid us in the conflict.*

Mother's! watch your growing children; surround them with an atmosphere of purity and truth, they will develop spiritually, if you keep the serpent from the hearthstone.

Maidens! your native intuitions will warn you rightly; strive earnestly to overcome in the bosom of your beloved one, the approaches of that insidious guest, so often veiled by conventionalities, concealed by flowery devices and the golden showers of eloquence. As you value your souls peace and purity, shrink from the caress that bears the impress of the serpent's fold; fly from the fascination of the eye that troubles while it charms. *Pure love* is calm and sweetly soothing, even as the mother's cradle song, or the loving melody of summer waves.

Trust not the man who prates so dolefully of his household miseries, of the uncongeniality of wife and home. That story may have been repeated to a hundred ears; from each one winning sympathy, perhaps confidence, affection. Beware! treachery and the serpent's return may await you. Those suffering truly from the uncongenialities of home, lack of affection, the sad solitariness of spirit; will speak least about it. Those noble souls suffer silently; only to the understanding few their troubles are confided, and their hearts are gladdened by soul-communion, by mind-intercourse, by appreciation, *pure love* and holy trust. They may seek, as they have the right to do, for congenial spirits; but they will never try to ensnare hearts and dethrone purity. They will love with veneration, not with earthliness; *with the soul*, not for the desecration of the soul's temple.

It is not necessary for those, safely guided by experience and unfolded beneath the gracious teachings of spirit friends, to flee from the approaches of the disguised serpent, for recognized as he always is, by the spiritually discerning eye, he can work no injury. It is woman's place, therefore, to meet the temptor in all the dignity of her spirituality and conscious worth; to check his smooth sophistries with the uncompromising replies of truth; to prove to him how vain is the effort to ensnare the soaring eaglet—womanly purity. To show him the impassable gulf between their souls; the difference in their worship. And woman, thus reasoning, thus inspired by angels, will cause the libertine to stay in wonderment; he cannot refrain the involuntary homage, the answering spark of divinity within him prompts, in reverence to the superiority, the charm and loveliness of high and holy virtue! Perhaps it may be her blessed mission to take the first fetter from off that bound soul; gently and pityingly, yet firm and steadfast she should confront him, who would enslave her soul; and though her ministrations should be offered in the angelic spirit of forgiveness and charity, methinks a little wholesome indignation (scarcely to be refrained from) would not detract from the salutary influence of the lesson.

Man must learn that woman is no longer weak and yielding, that she is strong in soul-sustaining power, that aided by a host of angels, *she can and will* bruise the hideous serpent's head!

And man must be to her a staff of strength in the hour of suffering, trial or temptation. He must become worthy of her confidence, worthy of her purest love. And he must reprove and teach her, when arrayed in fashionable wiles, she would lead his heart astray from duty and holiness. He in turn must be the moral guide unto her faltering steps, and *never, never* must the true man turn aside with scorn and contumely, from the erring, fallen sisterhood.

When boys no more shall deem it derogatory to their dignity to share their sports with girls; when children of both sexes shall meet familiarly by the household corner, on the street, in merry gatherings; when mystery and secrecy shall no more enshroud the holy and beautiful laws of being, but they shall be revealed as the mind of the child is capacitated to receive them; when woman shall cease to fear her brother man, and he in turn shall act no more the tempter, the owner and the flatterer, then we shall not hear of so many of our sisters cast out of society, compelled to a life of lowest degradation. Then we shall hear no more of innocence betrayed, of little children unacknowledged; of marriage wrongs and the disruption of households. Men and women will choose wisely, and love each other to the end. Marriage will be sanctioned of God; its acknowledgment before the world will be cheerfully made, for those who love each other well enough to live together, are willing that the world should acknowledge them in that holiest relation. Consequently I approve of a marriage ceremony, and that instituted by my Quaker friends pleases me best, for it calls upon no priest endowed with authority to speak the words that bind them to each other.

The inharmonies of the home are often based upon inharmonies of the heart. Self-examination, discipline, true effort, the attainment thereby of that spiritual contentment that cheers in every condition or relation of life, will aid the nobly struggling ones in the fulfillment of every duty, however burdensome. Where, for causes they cannot be held accountable for, the love of wife and husband ceases, let them assume the fraternal relation towards each other. Where a woman is degraded by a drunkard or a sensualist's rule, let her make herself free; where a man is fettered to a woman abhorrent to his higher nature, let the unholy bond be riven. But not for change and novelty, and experiment, should families be disunited, not under the guise of "affinity" should the "scarlet woman" be sought for. Love is eternal, our highest, purest ideal impersonation will be ours when we shall reach it by the soul's growth. Shall we retard that holiest meeting by eclipsing our spirits in the sins of desecration? Seeing daily as we do, most of us, shall we yield to sophistries, to artfully woven imitations of the true and the Beautiful? No! Woman's mission in this age is with the spiritual faculties; she has been long even as the beast of burden; she has been the unholy idol, the fashionable goddess; she must become the true woman, the pure angel, now!

Spirit hosts are summoning the few, mayhap, but tried and trusted souls of those who feel these things; those who bend in deepest reverence beneath the hallowed inspirations of the life of love and purity, showering its manifold benedictions from the heavens of love eternal and abiding. Not enwrapped in a cold, materialistic philosophy, not enthroned on the glittering heights of an icy intellectualism, these inspired of spirit-hosts shall stand. Oh, no! in the humble homes, by the wayside places, meek and faithful, God-relying and heaven-aspiring, the moral pioneers shall be found, true to the highest dictates.

of the life divine; true to the sacred trust of purity, true to the angel world, to God! So brave, so true, that the world-old serpent shall crawl away, abashed before them; and guilty men and women, listening to their inspired speech shall veil their eyes in confusion; even church ordained and legalized wickedness hide itself before that blaze of glory.

"Blinded as serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze"

FREEDOM.

Mrs. Brown:—I have noticed with much satisfaction, that your paper is a medium for the expression of original and radical ideas, and not merely the exponent of the editors belief. The radical who firmly believes that he has conceptions of truth in advance of the masses, cares not that these conceptions shall be endorsed immediately; he only asks that they may have the liberty of appearing. It is inspiring to observe that most of the Spiritual papers are pleading earnestly the cause of woman; but her happiness is so dependent upon her love-relations, that the latter can never be separated from the former. Equal legal rights with men can never bring peace to her soul, so long as she is unhappy in her domestic relations. The extreme sensitiveness of the South to any criticism of, or interference with, its peculiar institution, indicates its inherent weakness and declining glory. Will not this remark apply, with equal force, to the leading institutions of the North? If this institution is, really, as its advocates claim, founded in truth and nature, then why all this wide spread alarm, and extreme solicitude for its safety? No naturalist fears that a band of fanatics will ever overturn the Rocky mountains; but a little company of socialists, intent on minding their own business, and utterly innocent of designing to do any great thing, have been able to frighten a world of indissoluble marriageists out of their wits, and gain a reputation for Berlin Heights second only to that of Harper's Ferry for its insurrectionary tendencies. On one side of Mason and Dixon's Line, we behold a thousand bristling bayonets necessary to attend the hanging of one brave old man. On the other side we see ten thousand editors, ministers and moralists marching forth to the defence of the present social system, intent on crushing out the little army of social innovators before it shall be everlastingly too late. Now all this fuss and fury suggests the idea of a tottering old tower, requiring a vast amount of bracing to sustain it.

The fact that there is a very general dissatisfaction with present political and social systems, will be readily admitted by all; but all cannot agree as to the cause of this dissatisfaction. The theologian sees in it only renewed evidence of total depravity; while more philosophic and rational minds regard it as evidence that present institutions are inadequate to meet the legitimate and growing wants of Human Nature. In what particulars do these institutions fail, is the practical question and the only point of difference between reformers. One class of reforms seem unable to conceive the idea of any other form of society than monogamy or polygamy. With them, the evil of present society results not from its monogamy, but from a mere legal arrangement, instead of a temperamental adaptation and soul-blending of the pair. This latter marriage is, of course, altogether preferable to the former; but if practicable—which it is not, and if fully carried out, which it never can be, still in certain localities, owing to inequality in the members of the sexes, many must remain mateless and miserable; for, according to these reformers, congeniality is absolutely necessary to a true life. True, they say "distribute and equalize the members;" but it might not be pleasant nor convenient for the quiet, supernumary Massachusetts girl to seek her eternal affinity in

remote parts of the earth, among trappers, sailors or soldiers; and Davei's American might find it impracticable to seek his fair Turkish lady here, and so wait to meet her for the first time on the road to the spirit land; and such waiting would, undoubtedly, be far preferable to a hasty, unsuitable, indissoluble, earthly union. Towards the great mass of the inhabitants of this planet our feeling must, necessarily, be that of indifference or general benevolence. Towards a much smaller number it will be that of personal friendship, and towards a much less number still, it will be that of love; but I cannot see, that, in the nature of things, this latter emotion should be absolutely and arbitrarily confined to one object any more than the former. Some very good men and women acknowledge that they cannot possibly bear the thought that the one who loves them should love another; but, as a general rule, this feeling will be found to obtain most and strongest among those who have the largest amateness, and the least expansion and elevation of soul.

It is exceedingly disagreeable to the carnal, selfish and appropriating mind not to be recognized as the sole object of another's affections; and it is more or less disagreeable to us all, on our present low plane. Still it becomes us to take the matter coolly and philosophically; for, it is what we must all come to, sooner or later, or I cannot read the page of immortal destiny aright. No mortal can realize, except he experience, the utter loneliness and desolation of a soul arbitrarily excluded from the affection that in freedom would bless and console him. How greatly blessed would thousands be, who are in that condition to-day, could they be allowed to be even second in the affections of some good man or woman for whose sympathy and love their souls are pining, dying. It strikes me that I would greatly need self-discipline, if, not satisfied with being first, I should find myself objecting to another's being second who has as much right, and is as worthy to be first as myself.

We shudder at the recital of the asceticism and rigid morality of the Hindoo, forgetting the overwhelming system of asceticism in our own land.—Even some of our most earnest and well-meaning reformers are constantly engaged erecting the posts and adjusting the hooks. Even he, whose glorious motto is, "Man above Institutions," is found eating his own words, and advocating a marriage system, which, fully carried out, would leave about every tenth woman in New England to live a loveless, fruitless life; an ascetic, doomed to die of consumption at thirty, or linger along with consumption, catarrh and hysterics till eighty. But Smith, Wright and Davis are priests; and who does not know that it is the mission of the priest to form theories, and then warp facts and circumstances to them? Like stretching an infant out of joint to make him fit his father's clothes, they distort and deform Human Nature, ignoring its capacity for expansion, vainly and innocently striving to make all things conform to the re-modeled, but lifeless theories of by-gone ages. It is no use, gentlemen; the world will neither move backward nor stand still. You started it, and it will move farther and faster than you bargained for.

The progress of the race from the rudest barbarism to a condition of peace on earth and good will to man is a part of the original programme. It has been the prophets theme and the poets song in all ages. This is the great transition age. The Rubicon must be crossed. Progression has now acquired a momentum that it never had before—a momentum that will carry it forward with all the certainty of Fate and the power of Omnipotence. The Millennium, then, is a fixed fact and will come in its own good time.

Berlin Heights, O.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

PASSED TO THE ANGEL HOME.

On Sunday, February 19th, our sister, Mrs. Phoebe More. By a blameless life and peace transition to a better state, she proved the efficacy of the Spiritual faith. By her desire, Mrs. Fannie B. Felton conducted the funeral, which took place yesterday; it was well attended by the friends of the departed, who came from various towns and villages to look once more upon the peaceful face; and to listen to the fervid and heart-moving eloquence of Mrs. Felton; who, commissioned of the angel world, gave consolation, such as only truth can give, to the bereaved heart of her faithful daughter, and the friends that miss the dear departed. When the body was about to be placed in the tomb, a thunder shower swept over the quiet town, and the rain fell in torrents; but soon after the sun shone forth, and the "etherial mildness" of a spring-like afternoon closed the day. Past the storms of this chequered earth-life, our sister basks in the eternal sunlight of unfolding truth and joy. This humble tribute is inscribed to her, by one who

"Knew her, but to love her,
And names her but to praise."

TO MRS. PHOEBE MORE.

"She triumphant in the faith that gives
A loving Father unto all that lives;
Upon this bed of pain with soul resigned,
With joyous aspiration, peaceful mind,
I wait, until the angel's shall unclothe
The blissful portal of my heart's repose."

"I will return, to love to soothe, to bless,
My earthly children, oft the fond caress
Of Mother-love shall touch the weary heart
And to your fainting souls the truths impart
Of Life Eternal; of that upper sphere,
To which, in joy expectant, I am near."

She saw the radiant, ministering band,
The host commissioned from the Spirit-land,
She heard the solemn, sweet and low refrain
Of choirs celestial, o'er her bed of pain,
And raptured glimpses of the world's above,
Soul-revelations from the Fount of Love,
Thrilled with the bliss of Immortality,
The willing spirit, longing to be free.

She passed the blessed portal with a smile,
Gleaning eternal knowledge all the while
Her feet were pressing onward to the goal,
Unfearing, ebb'd earth's life-waves from the soul,
That met the Summoning angel with calm brow,
And lips that said: "Lord! I am ready now."
A lesson we have learnt, of trust and faith,
Of love triumphant o'er the call of death,
From thy calm farewell, Sister! and we yearn
For teachings from the near and heavenly home,
Knowing thou can'st, and joyous wilt, return.

Hadely, Mass., Feb. 24, 1860.

CORA WILBURN.

OBITUARY.

Died, January 25th, Elbridge Durham, of Randolph, Mass., aged 29 years, 9 months.

Thus, in the flower of early manhood, passed away one of the truly excellent of earth. Of him it could well be said, that none knew him but to love him. Early associating himself with every cause which had in view the ennobling of humanity, and the eternization of the mighty principles of human brotherhood, he subjected himself to the vituperation of the friends of sect, of creed and dogma, and the opponents of truth and right. But he faltered not in what he felt to be right. He knew, with the sword of truth and righteousness in his hand, God and angels would be with him, and, therefore, the weak arm of man could not prevail against him. His was not only a life of precept, but of practice. Sustained ever by the consciousness that he was acting rightly, and aiding to spread, by his active life, the true gospel of Christ, his heart quailed not before the oppositions of misguided men. He ever entertained a belief in the soul's immortality, and a few years anterior to his departure embraced the heart-cheering doctrines of Spiritualism. In the enjoyment of that blessed faith his spirit went forth from its decaying tenement, to "put on the saintly beauty of the blest," and still carry on his noble work of love and benevolence. A partner is left to mourn the absence of his earthly presence, and hosts of true friends to sympathize with her. May the precious thought of his spiritual proximity sustain her and them, and may they inculcate and carry out in their lives the graces which adorned his.—Banner of Light.

THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

CLEVELAND, O., MARCH 15, 1860.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.—FRANCES H. GREEN; FRANCES E. HYER; S. J. FINNEY; CORA WILBURN; G. B. ROGERS, M. D.; HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE; MARY H. WILLBOR; T. S. SHelden; SARAH O. HILL; M. DURAND AND C. M. OVERTON.

Those who receive a specimen copy of the AGITATOR, may understand that they have been invited to subscribe for it and obtain subscribers.

The Elopement of Mrs. Gurney.

The gossiping world is astir again. Nothing new or marvellous has happened. Elopements and divorces are no uncommon events. But an old story has been re-related with new names displacing old ones. And then the parties are highlife-arians which renders the event somewhat consequential.

The facts, so far as we know them, are these:

John Joseph Gurney is the son of Joseph John Gurney, the distinguished Quaker preacher and brother to Elizabeth Fry. Mrs. Gurney, the fugitive wife was the only child of Richard Gurney, M. P., a cousin to her husband. She was married when only fifteen years old. She is now twenty-eight, and has two children. Her father, at his death, left a fortune of \$5,000,00—one-half to her children, the income of the other half to her during her life—the principle, at her death, to go also to her children. In addition to this abundance, her husband is also very wealthy, a member of Parliament, and maintains a splendid city establishment and several country seats.

But money, splendor, position and power did not bring peace to the spirit; did not quiet the complainings of a soul that had yielded a childish consent to the wish of a fond father and the coaxings of man of years.

Mr. Gurney was a good man, a kind husband and affectionate father; but the love the wife bore him was but a cousinly affection, a tender regard that claimed no kinship with the holy love a wife should bear the husband of her own choosing. Cousin John Joseph knew nothing of the breadth and depth of Mrs. Gurney's affections. That she was a good mother he knew and never doubted her loving and obeying as the law directs.

She knew the facts and sought to school her spirit into quiet and submission to the fates; but Love will not be content in isolation. And so, in the case of Mrs. Gurney, it scorned position; laughed at priestly edicts; set at defiance church creeds and conventional boundaries.

John Thomas (or Taylor) was Mrs. Gurney's footman. He had a fine face, stamped with honest manhood, and would have passed for a gentleman, but for his position. What cared Mrs. Gurney for that? Position had failed to bring happiness to her soul. She loved John, the servant, he loved her; but never told his love save in gentle deeds, in offices of trust and in eyes brimming over with hopes, fears and prophecies of the fulfillment of the soul's holiest aspirations in the Upper Land.

Mrs. Gurney, like an honest woman, set all the facts fully in the face of her husband, concealing nothing, confessing no crime save the guilt of living as a wife with the man she loved, but as a cousin and friend.

Mr. Gurney did not rave and curse and traduce his wife because she did not—could not—love him; he left that to the dear, outraged, indignant Public. The work has been done. Mr. Gurney has asked, as any sensible man would ask, the loosing of the marital bonds. And Mrs. Gurney has left home, friends, money and children for the sake of the chosen of her heart. The press on both sides of the Atlantic has poured out its phials of wrath upon the woman. One paper, however, more merciful than the others asks if we may not "soften and palliate the sins of the woman; if we cannot forgive her."—What is there to "soften and palliate?" Facts are too stubborn for softening—they only ask interpreting.

Who shall forgive? Against whom has the woman sinned? Has she wronged your soul or mine by the strange step she has taken? Has she wronged her husband by an honest confession that she married him in obedience to her father's will and not from love; that she could not coax or frighten her soul into a love-relation with him other than a *cousinly* love? Would the wrong not have consisted in deceiving him in regard to the (to her) diviner love? Have the children been wronged? Most certainly they have; but the wrong lies deeper and prior to this late event. Their wrong, their chief curse consists in the cousin's blood that flows in their veins. England knows that her kingly idiocy and lordly insanity

is but the legitimate offspring of relation in blood, and yet she traduces the woman who refuses to add to the long line of idiots and maniacs.

Has hollow-hearted society been wronged by Mrs. Gurney? Is the world ever wronged when Hypocrisy unmasks itself? when one's secret sins, and darling principles have an airing?

A false life is a wrong to humanity; but the confessing of the shams and falsities is but exposing what is already eating out the human heart.

If there has been a wrong committed it has been against the woman's own soul. She has been the sinned against and she alone must be the real sufferer.

Who knows, or who can know, the hidden heart-history of that woman? Who has entered the precincts of her soul-kingdom and seen the terrible conflict between Love and Policy? Who has marked the silent tears, the prayers for death, the terrible anguish of spirit at the thought of leaving home, husband, children, friends and all the world regards of worth? Who, but the one guilty soul, has seen the hand of the Recording Angel writing upon the palace walls: "Thou art desecrating holy ground?"

Who will constitute himself Censor in this case? Who dare convict the suffering soul? Who will stone her to death? Those whose moral code is written in the law books. Those who know nothing of the sacredness of love and the sanctity of true marriage. Those whose loves, hopes and aspirations are upon the material plane—whose spirits have never risen to the dignity of angel-companionship. The mere earthlings—the "hoofs and horns" of humanity—will lift their hands in holy horror to slay the out-law. But they will never go to the root of the matter, never ask why or whence the crimes they condemn. They will never lend a hand toward the up-building of a holy commonwealth; never pray for the inaugurating of a diviner Brotherhood and for a Marriage Institution upon whose walls "Holiness" shall be written.

"BLOOD FOOD."

We have been watching the developments of the "blood food," and we are glad to feel and to see its efficacious work. Wish all consumptives could be induced to give it a fair trial. The following letter tells its own story:

VERMILION, ERIE CO., O., Feb. 20, 1860.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN:

DEAR FRIEND—It is with pleasure that I state to you the benefit I have received from the use of Dr. Bronson's Blood Food. I was very much debilitated, having had a severe attack of what was called inflammatory fever, followed for several months by a slow fever, accompanied with pain in my side and breast, profuse night-sweats and loss of appetite. The first bottle of the Blood Food that I took improved my appetite and I gained strength, so that I was able to walk around. I have taken three bottles of the No. 2 and one of the No. 5. My health is better than it has been for several years. I would most cheerfully recommend to all who are similarly afflicted the use of this valuable medicine. It has met with the utmost success in several other cases of my acquaintance.

Yours truly,

MILES M. THOMPSON.

A NEW WONDER.

It has been said that spirits are wonder workers. It is even so. And they are constantly reminding us that these signs follow them that believe: They shall lay hands on the sick and they are healed. But the most wonderful of all the wonders has been performed in Cincinnati within the few past weeks. J. R. Newton, No. 79 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, has performed, by spirit aid, the most remarkable cures on record. They are no Jonah's Gourd stories, but veritable, well authenticated facts. The following cures performed by Dr. Newton, will speak for themselves:

Mrs. Bromwell, 293 George Street, had lost the use of her limbs by spine disease and falling weakness; had not walked for eight months; restored in twenty minutes so as to walk about the house and out doors.

Randolph Douglass, Frankfort, Ind.—great inflammation in the eyes and partial blindness for over five years—fully restored to sight in less than twenty minutes.

Jonathan Branden, Frankfort, Ind.—blind—restored in less than half an hour.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson, Walnut Hills—seventy years old, restored to sight, and to read fine print without glasses.

Mrs. Margaret Downer, 467 Fourth Street—confined to her bed two months from the shock of a fit—restored in twenty minutes to walk out of doors and to better health than for years before.

Miss Catharine Johnson, Sixth Street—blindness for fifteen years—restored in fifteen minutes, and can see to read and work as well as when a child.

Miss Paris, Mill Street—cured of spine disease in less than half an hour.

Wm. Rolls—with cataracts on the eyes, and bandaged—perfectly restored to sight while riding in a Third street omnibus, in less than five minutes.

Mrs. Randolph Douglass, Frankfort, Ind.—deafness and voice restored.

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE.

One of the Editors in the New York Independent in discussing the propriety of woman's voting, has the following:

"For the interests of *virtue* also, at least in our great cities, we should tremble if the polls were open indiscriminately to women. Some women of tried character, who have nerve enough to face any danger and meet any responsibility, would go to the polls and exert a good influence. But the proportion of such at the ballot-box would be lamentably small.—The great body of virtuous women would shrink from the exposures of election-day, but the vicious would crowd the polls to swell the votes of the wicked. The Sixth Ward would poll more women's votes than all the rest of the city; unless the question of re-establishing slavery in New York were open, when up-town parvenus would forsake the Irish Intelligence Offices to give their vote for slave-barracoons. It is gratuitous and groundless assumption that, if women were allowed to vote, the actual vote of women would swell the majority for virtue and freedom."

"Tremble for the interests of *virtue*!" Who are the voters in "our great cities?" Any question about their virtue? Are voters required to be honest, sober, *virtuous* men? Are they *expected* to be virtuous? Does the lack of virtue in man render him, in the estimation of the world, unfit for office? Is baseness in man a barrier to distinction, power and "respectability?"

"The great body of virtuous women would shrink from the exposure of election-day." Why shrink from the polls more than from the church, the theater and the lecture room? Do we not meet the voters there? Are these men not our brothers, fathers, sons and husbands? Do the voters not profess to enact righteous laws? They not unfrequently presume to legislate upon Divine laws, and substitute their own in place of God's. Where, then, is the objection to woman's helping to make these laws? What is there to frighten "virtuous women" from the polls?

Seriously, if the law-makers are so corrupt that it is out of place for us to go with them to the ballot-box, why are we bound to obey the laws these vagabonds help to make? A little paradoxical—woman corrupted at the ballot-box and corruptable if she sets at defiance the laws there made. Why are not these women-polluting men kept away from the polls and virtuous women sent there to make laws that will not disgrace a professedly Christian country?

Oh, Virtue! what contemptible things are written in thy holy name!

LET WOMEN WORK.

Dr. Griswold, of the "Sunbeam" says, "let woman work," and she does work faithfully and well, judging from the following item which we have scissored from the Sunbeam.—Read it, girls, and then—if you are idlers—set about making yourself as useful and industrious as is Miss S. E. Griswold:

"The Sunbeam has more of woman's work in it than its readers are aware of. Our niece, Sarah E. Griswold, has been constantly devoted to the duties of the office from the first.—She is not only the medium through whom many communications are written for its columns, but also to interest, convince and instruct many visitors concerning the truths of Spiritualism; but keeps our subscription books, making all the entries; prepares most of the correspondence for the compositors' hand; and reads the proofs—this last being a tedious labor which we, from physical incompatibility, are unable to perform. Notwithstanding the performance of all this labor, she has within the last six months learned to set type with accuracy, and considerable dispatch, having always a 'case' near her desk, to which she turns and takes up the 'composing stick,' whenever she feels inclined. The wife of our foreman also, often lends a hand when necessary, and thus it is that the Sunbeam sheds its light in a great measure through the hands of women."

AARON D. STEVENS.

The following is an extract from a letter written us by Aaron D. Stevens:

CHARLESTOWN JAIL, Va., Feb. 28, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Yours of the 20th inst. was duly received. I have often heard of you, but have never had the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you will continue to teach the truth to the world. May it see the good and grasp it though the heavens fall. I expect to leave this world on the 16th of March. If I can, I will return, and communicate to you and others in regard to the spirit world.

I love, above all others, the spiritual theory so far as I have investigated it. I do not agree with the views of many of the spiritualists. I like Doctor Hare's views better than any I am acquainted with. He is a matter of fact man. That pleases me. On some points I like A. J. Davis.

It is very hard for people to see truth if it conflicts with their pre-conceived opinions. "But truth is mighty and will prevail." Error will gradually be driven from the earth, and all mankind will become brothers and sisters in *deeds* as well as words.

Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. S—, and believe me your brother in the bonds of Love, Truth and good will.

Good bye,

A. D. STEVENS.

"Free Love"—"Sexual Attractions"—"Marriage" and "Divorce."

CONTINUED.

Editorial Correspondence by Mrs. Hyzer.

The new world of which I have spoken, has revealed to me the glorious light of the rising sun of the new era, into our room circles, into our secret closets, over our popular rostrums, into our orthodox pulpits, over the most Judaized altars of the world's worship swept the tide waves of the new-dispensation. Priests startled by the voice of its power, sprang forward for a closer grasp of their idols, captives, bound for ages in the dark, dump cells of theological superstition, and fear rushed through their opening portals and drank of the exhaustless waters unto fanaticism; infidels to the truths of immortality startled from their earth-bound reveries, gazed awe stricken upon their dear departed, whose life-barques freighted with fruit from the tree of eternal life, swept back into the harbor of their soul's affections, and exclaimed, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave where is thy victory?"

In this morning sunlight humanity gazes upon the decaying timbers, mouldy wainscots, moth-eaten tapestry and reeling attitude of their old habitations, and aspired to become possessors and occupants of more commodious ones.

Each set about the construction of his own, in his own way, and from his own knowledge of moral and spiritual architecture. Then commences the sound of ax and hammer, the explosion of powder and rending of rocks; the excavation of hills and mountains, and the building up of valley's; unlearned, as at best, all were in the science of heavenly architecture, of course, of necessity, each one became, in degree, an experimentalist, and amid the measuring, comparing, suggesting and rejecting, could be heard the cry of olden time, "Who shall be greatest?"

The din of toil and conflict rolled over the land, and echoed amid the mountains of my childhood's home, and I too joined the toilers in the building of the "New Jerusalem." Scanning the work and the workmen through the eye of love, baptized intellect and intellectualized love. I said in my soul, "we are all needed." I found no philosophy for saying to the head, "I've no need of thee, or to the hand or foot, 'I've no need of thee,'" but strove in spirit and in truth to extend the hand of immortal service to the lowliest of our Father's family, exclaiming and feeling, "thou art my brother and my sister!" I sought to shape my unfolding nature to no one's opinions; acknowledge no supremacy save that reflected on my consciousness from the infinite centre of the universe through my own unfolding ideal; feared no contamination from the animal, and bowed in no servility to the arch angel. I daily have sweet, soul-sustaining communion with the inspirers from the inner world, but never besought them to help me lose sight of my own individuality, but struggled to help them aid me in finding its utilitarian importance in the great economy of nature. "Come up higher," was the burden of all their melodies, and every attraction of my sympathies not in accordance therewith I called discordant notes in my own uncultured, and unspiritualized nature. The cry of discord in almost every domestic circle arose around me; appeals for "divorce" from past marriage relations went up constantly to the throne of God or to the tribunals of our land from the writhing hearts of both sexes, open and unqualified rebellion to past attractional pledges on the one hand, cringing servility, inhuman tyranny, covert scheming, cowardly treachery, suspicion and recrimination on the other, arose, and mingling their discordant elements settled like a fearful storm close over the moral world, and "Free Love," the world cries, was the cause thereof. I questioned my soul and her experiences, and through them nature and her God, and they replied, "Tis false!" "Freedom of Love" is the state of the soul's highest, holiest, conscious worship of, and devotion to, eternal truth, for just in proportion as love demands freedom does she struggle to subjugate matter and all its circumstances to the uses of Wisdom—immortal wisdom, and just in proportion as she has become free she has conquered or refined matter into a fitting back-ground for the portraiture of her dual life, through practical, unselfish deeds, potent to thrill the world's great heart with harmony; for all must agree concerning use, when that use is harnessed to a world's demand."

"Free Love!" symbol of the soul's beautiful corner stone of the temple of the ever-living God of Truth! silvery watchword of the celestials when passing beneath the rainbow arches of the "sanctum sanctorium" of Supernal glory! Could I see thee assailed by the sneers, the taunts and javelines of heathendom, and flee from thy golden standard? God forbid, and aid me in keeping my soul pure enough for the slightest reflection, even, of thy hallowed beauty, thy immaculate radiance of central light.

I've severed God from me and mine,
Whene'er I part from thee or thine;
For all I am or am to be,
"Free Love," God's life, I owe to thee.

Then to this inner eye of use I submitted the sensualist's sophistry of "Attractions;" that sophistry which teaches that unquestioned "attraction" should be the guide of all our

action; because "attraction" is an expression of Nature, and Nature never errs; that sophistry which bids man make himself up in the image of beasts, birds, fish and insects, by pointing his aspirations to their life of unfettered animality, instead of prompting him to raise the index of his mighty destiny through spiritualized, intellectual perception to that world of celestuality which reveals to him his superiority over every form of animal life, which, as he unfolds in a knowledge of the laws of use, he draws within the service circle of his needs.

"Attraction" I at once recognize as another name for impulse or Sympathetic Love, and consequently recognized it as only a one-sided reflection of the dual motor power of my individuality, which, as in the past, true to its divine mission, was burning the chaff and stubble which must be consumed ere intellect could again reflect the corresponding power of the Love-action, Wisdom and intellect thus refreshed, at once recognized the fact, that though Nature never errs, since she manifests progressive life, she must admit of degrees of high and low in the relative; that it is as natural an attraction which bears the hand of the thief to the pocket of his neighbor, as that which fastens to the new born infant's cheek the kiss of its fond mother. Each is an attraction born of outer and inner laws existing in the nature of the causes producing the result; I recognized it as proper and natural for a blue-jay to be a blue-jay, but just as natural and proper for me to aspire to become an expression of God's higher orders of intelligencies. I found as I studied the experiences and practicalities of the Attractionist, that restlessness, doubt, suspicion, disappointment and fear with their whole train of kindred inharmonies clustered around his every footstep, while at every culminating point of his "attractional" aspiration he felt constrained to cry out with his old brother "Attractionist," "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" that the high and holy uses of Marriage had never been questioned by the sexes in their relations, but that sympathy unquestioned by intellectuality had formed the basis of all those alliances which to-day were presenting such phases of misery and turmoil; or, if use had been questioned at all in any of those relations, it had been temporal use, which, like all materiality, must yield to decomposition. I saw woman in the deep, fervent sympathy of her Love for man—that Love born of their eternally wedded interests, enter the sphere of his "attractions" through the portals of an ideal, throwing such poet-beauty, such entireness of worthiness around every feature of his nature, as to leave her but one thought, one aspiration, one sense of need, and that, with this one stainless (?) changeless (?) soul, to live on forever and ever. I saw her pass the portal of this ideal paradise, and captivate by the silence, the hushed, subdued influence settling like a heavenly mantle over their ardent, expectant souls, I exclaimed, "Beautiful, beautiful, immortal union, bliss and Love!"

But lo! the portal is thrown open, and issuing therefrom, with lingering step, as though reluctant to depart, yet doubly desolate in staying, with drooping head, with pallid brow, tear-stained cheek, I beheld the woman, whom but a few days ago, I deemed the happiest, most blest of mortals. To my eye she unrolls the scroll on which is traced the history of her fearful experience since she entered the sphere of Attractional marriage. Excess of sympathetic passion and its excess of actualization, excess of reaction in indifference, abhorrence and desertion are written in their turn thereon, until each, folding a copy of the fearful record to the wounded, bleeding heart, goes forth from this "attractional" elysian, now become a pandemonium, either in that prostrated, morbid state of the sympathies which at once reach out in other directions with the same hopes, destined to meet the same results, or else to draw away from sexual communion altogether; he upbraiding his own weakness in having been drawn to so weak a thing as woman, and she to shun man, or curse him for his perfidy. On every hand I heard the wail of children born of regret and abhorrence, and the fettered parents, if by legal divorce made to feel free in any degree from past martial contracts, scarcely pausing to take one breath of emancipation ere they rush into an equally soul-crushing bondage, from which the cry of rebellion and regret arose still higher and louder than before; and my soul sickened at this outrage upon, this trifling with, this prostitution of the holiest, richest gift vouchsafed safe immortals; and therefrom arose to the Infinite Revealer an imploration for light to disperse in some degree, at least from my own perceptions, the darkness which obscured the antidote; and inspiration from the thought-fountains of immortals rebaptized my eager intellect, and again sprang forth into the reasoning sphere of my consciousness, still clearer reflections of that prominent idea of my inner existence that Love must become so free through its intellectual medium or understanding as to sway to the uses of Wisdom, every impulse, desire or attraction pertaining to temporal, changeful, perishable or decomposable matter, it said, "until in the relative or circumstantial, man and woman are independent of each other never can they harmoniously and divinely serve each other," "never can they be thus independent of each other until in their conscious individuality they become so absolute or centralized as to be able to baptize all their sympathies in the fountain of immortal Wisdom." "Man's harmonies can never rise above the plain of his objects." "If his objects are perishable, so must be his

pleasures or uses; if his objects are immortal, so must be his joys." When man shall have raised his objects to the plain of immortal use, he raises them to the plain of immortal Wisdom; and in so doing raises himself to the plain of her pleasures; for immortal Wisdom has no pleasures not useful, no uses not pleasurable; and since immortal use is the appropriation of all our faculties to the service of our immortal genius, we press them all into the service of an Artistic, not an impulsive life."

"Man thus became the Artist in his relation to the inner circles of matter, as he has already become to the outer or grosser circles." He chisels the marble, tints the canvas, controls the billows, ploughs the soil, reins the fiery steed, harnesses the steam and guides the lightning by his artistic will; so must he mould, guide and govern the inner circles of matter or the untutored animal of his own conscious existence. He is not to crush out or enslave a single power of his physical or material existence, but to question its power of use to his immortal genius, and by the closest tutorship and the most unswerving practicalities, adapt these powers thereto. Becoming an Artist, he is all aglow with genius, not untaught impulse; he does not rush to the marble or the canvass for the pleasure to be derived from his immediate, temporal relations to the material with which he works, but inspired through the wedded powers of Love and Wisdom, the central Duality or Infinite Mind, he toils to reflect the glory thereof into tints that shall live on, when the canvas and marble in which he works shall have perished or crumbled in dust. "When man shall seek woman with an Artist Love, born of the subjugation of all temporal or material desires to his immortal genius, he sees her with the searching eye of Wisdom, not blinding, maddening, untutored passion; he therefore detects her purest, highest, holiest faculties; sees how to aid her in the unfoldment of her latent or unquestioned genius, finds a remedy for her weakness, and rejoices in the discovered possibilities of her mighty destiny." "Thus, if individualized by the same self-control, does she scan his nature, and thus artistically can they judge of their adaptedness in aspirational, inspirational and constitutional power, not only to each other, but to the immortal object of outworking, through blended effort, an artistic reflection of immortal conjugality, or the infinite Oneness of Duality. Then, on whatever stratum of matter their wedded aspirational life seeks to reflect itself true to the infinite conjugality speaking in the reproductive powers of every circle of their existence, await the willing servants of their spiritualized, heaven taught will, through which they can outwork every degree in form or tint of their ideal, if on the physical plain, for physical results in physical offspring, through the legitimate, spiritually and intellectually impelled agencies—spiritually and intellectually impelled because spiritually and intellectually restrained, except for this their only legitimate and Artistic use do the Artist parents, true to the Love and Wisdom of their conjugal and parental ideal, portray upon the canvas of physical existence, the symmetrical proportions of Love and Wisdom's immortal conception; and the picture stands before the world an honor, a blessing, a priceless immortal treasure, not a disgrace or curse to itself and its progenitors.

The conclusion of this article will appear in our next.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

MISS FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.—This poet-preacher has been with us speaking upon slavery. She is a rarely gifted daughter of an oppressed people. But, like one in olden time, she goes forth crying, Prepare ye the way for the Savior of my people.

LOLA MONTEZ.—We have listened to Lola Montez's lecture upon "Fashion." She said many good and some exceedingly sharp things. We should have left the hall delighted but for one thing. She made an unwomanly allusion to the Woman's rights movement, not remembering, perhaps, that she is indebted to the very thing she repudiates for her success as a lecturer.

NOTICES.—Mrs. F. O. HYZER will speak in Cleveland the 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays in April. She will lecture in Sharon Center on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the 2d and 3d days of April, and in Chagrin Falls on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the 10th and 11th of April.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE will speak in Cleveland on the 4th and 5th Sundays of April.

Mrs. E. D. WATROUS, of Munroe, Ohio, has a new supply of Reform Books. Among them the "Thinker," "Footfalls," and "Arcana of Nature."

THE MAGIC STAFF.—A. J. Davis has published a new edition of the Magic Staff which he proposes to sell for one dollar. Wishing to sell books at New York prices, we will henceforth sell at the publisher price.

WARREN CHASE will lecture during April in Oswego, New York; and June in St. Louis. During May he expects to go from Oswego to St. Louis, via Buffalo, Cleveland and Terre Haute. The friends on that route, who wish calls or lectures from him, must write him early in April, at Oswego, New York.

ADDRESS, O. P. KELLOGG, Newton Falls, O.

E. S. WHEELER will answer calls to lecture on Natural Spiritualism. He may be addressed, Utica, N. Y.

"REFORM," by Mary P. Todd, will appear in the next issue.

MR. WISE—The Agitator has been regularly mailed to "G. B."

MANY LETTERS, some important, and others of a friendly nature, remain unanswered. Our eyes, of late, have protested against the hard using to which they have been subjected. This is our excuse.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT says: Some of our city editors are like fleas—they are never satisfied unless they are biting somebody. Boston editors have near relatives out of the city, judging from the prints of their teeth.

REPLY TO "Humanitarian" in our next.

GOV. DENNISON, of Ohio, has refused to deliver to Virginia, Owen Brown and Francis Marrium, two of the Harper's Ferry insurgents. Forever blest be the memory of our Governor.

MR. B—R, Look for a "B" in May.

MRS. M. J. B.—We will, Providence not interposing, be with you about the same time.

HANNAH MAXON.—We have heard nothing of the La Cross Convention.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—Mr. Howison, the Chairman of the Richmond Young Men's Christian Association, has aroused the lion in Bayard Taylor. We rejoice that there are some souls strong enough to proclaim and maintain self-hood. Mr. Taylor is one of those independentarians. We quote the following:

"What my political opinions are, concerns no one, so long as I do not proclaim them publicly. For my religious faith I am answerable to God alone. I will enter into no discussion with you upon these points, for I deny your right, or the right of any other man, to catechise me. When I deliver my lectures on "The Arabs," "Arctic Life," and "Moscow," (as I proposed doing at Richmond,) your business with me extended no further than to demand that my statements be correct and my narrative entertaining.

"Your repeated allusion to "Free Love" might have been spared. I shall rejoice as heartily as yourself, when the small band of free lovers disappear from the North, and when a race of mulattoes is no longer propagated at the South.

"I cannot join in your closing declaration, when I find that "constitutional liberty" means a tyranny over thought unknown in despotic Austria, and that "the Christianity of the Bible" includes an inquisitorial bigotry from which even Catholic Spain is free."

STEVENS AND HAZLETT.

The 16th is the day appointed for the putting to death of Stevens and Hazlett. It is hoped that the day will every where be set apart for cursing, resolving, rejoicing and praying—cursing of the chains that bind minds and limbs; resolving to break them that the enslaved may rise to a higher plan of development; rejoicing that there are a few souls who are ready to die for freedom's sweet sake; praying for the dawn of a day when war, slavery and gibbets will be banished from the earth.

THE SUNBEAM is published every Saturday morning, by C. D. Griswold, M. D., at Batavia, N. Y.

TERMS.—One Dollar a year in advance. Clubs of eight subscribers, payable quarterly in advance when such terms are preferable, and one copy given to the getter up of the club during its continuance.

The Sunbeam is a Spiritist's journal and should be sustained by those loving that faith and by those asking for facts. We would as soon think of dispensing with the sunset as the "Sunbeam."

A GOOD TEST.

A sister of ours, living in New Hampshire, is responsible for the following test of the power of spirits. Read it; and then ask "what good will spirits not do."

Mrs. Hardy has just performed a most remarkable cure. A lady (I do not now remember her name) has been sick a long time. Her sufferings have been of the most terrible character—excruciating pain in the stomach. She has been reduced to a mere skeleton. Physicians have been unable to divine the cause or administer relief.

Miss Jane Walker had seen the woman, and mentioned the case to Mrs. Hardy but gave no particulars. Mrs. Hardy was magnetized and exclaimed: "She has a long living tape worm in her stomach!" She made a prescription which was strictly followed by the patient. But she grew worse, and was advised to let the "spirit medium" go, but instead of so doing she doubled the dose, which produced violent spasms, followed by apparent death. A bystander exclaimed "she is dead!" Thereupon the dead woman raised herself up and said, "no I am not dead, but the creature has died." And so it proved. The terrible tape-worm was an inch wide, and those who have seen it judge it to be two hundred feet long. It has joints about one-and-a-half inches apart. The lady is now nearly well.

A pretty large story but a gospel truth nevertheless.

FLORA M. K.

SOME of our contributors will, doubtless, complain of the liberty we have taken with their long communications; but it was cut down or reject altogether. Principles, as a general thing, are of more importance to the reader than adjectives and personalities.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

Mr. Van Sickle, of Kingstown, Ohio, writes:

The true religion, called Spiritualism, is attracting considerable attention in this section. We have held public circles most part of the winter.—Our spirit friends have talked to us without the aid of a trumpet. Among the many converts to spiritualism are some of the Methodist and Presbyterians; and others who had been sceptical have become convinced of a future and immortal life.

We have private circles once a week. Our friend Capt. John Brown, has been with us three times already. I like to hear the old veteran talk. He says to us: "The Virginians supposed that they would get rid of him by *choking* the spirit out of his body; but they and others would find out, in due time, that he would stick to them closer than a brother. His great work for the emancipation of those in chains, has but just commenced. He is now where he can work to some purpose; and that he is busy all the time, trying to impress men to do right. To do unto others as they would be done by. He hopes and trusts that Spiritualists will not fail to send cheering words of hope and consolation to his dear wife and children, who mourn his absence from their once happy family circle," &c.

Respectfully,

W. SAMSON.

A. D. STEVENS.—"Will Virginia execute Stevens? Will she murder another brave soul?" asks a correspondent. "Must the martyrs fail in saving the poor slave?" No

"They never fail who die

In a great cause. The block may soak the gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gate and castle wall,
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

TO ALL REFORM LECTURERS.

The undersigned, believing the time has come when the "Friends of Progress," and the lovers of Reform should give a more positive and practical expression of their views—seeing that the agitation and extreme issues of the age and nation are forcing them into time serving or radicalism—proposes as a preliminary, that the Spiritual Lecturers and Secular Reformers meet in Convention, to "Compare Notes," explain methods and talk over the general Philosophy of Reform and Progress.

If those favoring such an expression of Progress, will correspond with the undersigned, he will be prompt to aid in carrying out such suggestions as point to the best means and methods for holding such a meeting.

Respectfully, J. H. W. TOOHEY.
Cleveland, Ohio, Box 1954.

STEVENS AGAIN.

We have, just before going to press, another letter from Stevens. He writes "I am very happy and cheerful. As the hour of my departure draws nigh, I feel that spirit friends are around me.

Give my love and say "farewell" to Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant for me. I am your brother forever, in the bonds of love, truth and goodness."

Mr. Stevens copies a little poem written by Mr. Harrison (Hazlett)—a farewell to his friends, which we will copy, not for its poetic merit, but for the tenderness it breathes to the loved ones.

"HARRISON'S FAREWELL."

Farewell, my mother dear,
Do not mourn for me,
Remember that I die
For the cause of Liberty.

My time has come
To leave this mortal sphere;
Farewell to scenes of earth,
Farewell my sister dear.

Fare thee well, my angel maid,
So lovely, kind and true;
I never shall forget thee
In the sphere I'm going to.

The crowd is passing to and fro,
The scaffold's reared on high;
Farewell good friends, one and all,
My time is drawing nigh.

My dear old home adieu,
I'll see you never more;
My corpse will soon be laid
On old Virginia's shore;

And my spirit will be gone
To happy realms above;
There we shall meet again,
Where all is endless love.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

Charlestown Jail, Va., March 7th, 1860.

AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

H. Munson,.....	\$1 00	D. C. Cuddebach,....	\$1 00
E. P. Morehouse,....	50	M. Hill,.....	50
Mrs. Denslow,.....	25	Miss Cook,.....	1 00
W. A. Eddy,.....	1 00	W. Samson,.....	1 00
C. S. Middlebrook,....	1 00	Mrs. Robertson,....	1 00
W. Gunn,.....	1 00	Mrs. Stockham,....	50
L. R. Sunderland,....	1 00	F. A. Randall,....	25
H. Earl,.....	1 00	C. Teakel,.....	1 00
Miss Quin,.....	50	Dr. Sneyelly,.....	50
Mrs. Graham,.....	1 00	W. Woodbury,....	1 00
Wm. G. Van Sickle,....	1 00	J. V. Hickox,.....	1 00
A. Waring,.....	5 00	R. P. Baker,.....	1 00
E. L. Samson,.....	50	Mrs. Higby,.....	1 00
Due, W. Samson,....	50	Miss Fuller,.....	50
Mrs. Lapham,.....	1 00	Mrs. Cowles,.....	1 00
Mrs. Stewart,.....	1 00	Miss Cleveland,....	25
Mrs. Maxson,.....	1 00	Miss Shuffleton,....	50
Mrs. Hatfield,.....	50	D. Mennells,.....	50
Z. Nye,.....	50	L. Pebody,.....	50
C. I. Hanson,.....	1 00	V. J. Crowell,....	25
I. P. Majo,.....	1 00	H. L. Stearns,....	50
Mrs. Wadsworth,....	32	W. Gunn,.....	1 00
E. Higginbotham,....	25	T. Morrish,.....	50
H. L. Stearns,.....	50	H. Wallace,.....	1 00
T. King,.....	50	W. L. Cronk,.....	1 00
J. M. Whiton,.....	50	H. Brotherton,....	2 00

Association for the Investigation of the Laws of Progressive Development.

The object of this Association is to develop facts bearing on the origin of *Life* and transformation in the Geological ages, as well as in its present state, and the production and illucidation of a theory, or theories, of Organic Development, the origin of Man, of Mind and of Spirit.

Officers shall be four in number, President, Vice President, Treasurer and Secretary, whose duties shall be the same as usually performed by such officers.

The Secretary shall act as Corresponding Secretary.

Membership.—All persons, of whatever color or sex, who earnestly desires to study the Laws of Existence, the grand, "how and why" of Creation, can become members by forwarding their names to the Secretary.

It is expected that each member will contribute some fact or thought, at least annually, in writing, to the Secretary for his Annual Report.

Time of Meeting.—An annual meeting will be held at Time and Place selected by the preceeding meeting. The first will be held in the fall of 1860, time not determined.

Publishing.—Interesting facts or views, legitimate to the object of the Association, contributed by members, and forwarded to the Secretary, will be published entire (or if lengthy, condensed,) in the *Agitator* for 1860, after which year the organ of the Association shall be chosen yearly. Reports of the transactions of the Association, when necessary to publish in separate form, shall be published by voluntary contributions of the members.

S. P. LELAND, Pres.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Sec.

REMARK.—All who desire to see a Rational system of Creation established by positive evidence, are cordially invited to become members, and send whatever MATERIAL they have towards its support. Philosophic friends, let us co-operate in this movement. Address HUDSON TUTTLE, Sec., Berlin Heights, O.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS PETITION.

"Mrs. A. T. Swift, the untiring worker for woman, is circulating a petition asking for the Right of Suffrage. It is deeply humiliating to a woman of spirit and common sense to sign this petition."

Thus saith the *Agitator* of Feb. 15th. The editor must have overlooked the phraseology of said petition; it neither *asks* nor *prays* for the Right of Suffrage, it *demand*s it. Can the editor show us a better way? Shall we go to the polls and have our offered votes rejected, as was the vote of a tax-paying widow at Oberlin?

Again, "When this one right is restored we hope Mrs. Swift will take heart and humbly pray for the right to herself and her children."

Nay, verily! We shall *never* stoop so *low* as to pray to man for the rights which we alike with them inherit from our Creator. Let the women of Ohio exercise the franchise, they will then secure those rights without the *let* of man. For ourself we take them *now*, and should we become a widow, will never, no never submit to the encroachments of the State *leeches* who are ever ready to filch from their very mouths the bread of the widow and orphan.

Yours for Humanity, ADELINE T. SWIFT.
Willoughby, Feb. 18, 1860:

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, one of New England's most talented writers, in a recent letter, says:

"For me the problem of immortal life or eternal sleep shall soon be solved. The great Caravansera is in sight; the steps which conduct me to its portals are few, and I trust unfaltering.

"Nightly I pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

You will be disappointed, darlings, when I tell you that "Violet" will not be finished in the *Agitator*. I, too, regret it. But the story is very long, the conclusion is, it had better be put into a book. An eastern publisher has made Miss Willbor an offer which she will, very likely, accept.

Mrs. Green has read the story through. Hear what she says of it:

VIOLET—A TRUE STORY, BY MARY H. WILLBOR.—Though designed especially for the young, this work, in its truly dramatic sketches of Home and School Experiences, has so much of the real philosophy of life, that it must have interest for the maturer mind.

The narrative is pleasing, and the incidents all have a natural sequence to each other. They are clothed in the most attractive of all forms of story telling, that of Auto-Biography.

This volume supplies a great want in our Literature, where there is almost nothing addressed to that most important period in the History of every Life, where there is a growing distaste for Nursery Tales, without a corresponding power to reach and appropriate something that is stronger. But such reading as this, will be a continual Feast of the Passover, to such as have found little or no response to the growing and maturing mind.

It is chiefly for this last reason that I cordially recommend it, both to Young and Old; to the first for their sympathy in all its true and loving Pictures of the Present; and to the second, for the clear and beautiful mirror it holds, reflecting before, what it left behind, and thus showing us how to see more clearly and appreciate more truly, the trembling little hearts and yearning minds, that are too often shut away in the dark, because they are standing at an angle where our light cannot shine into them.

It gives me pleasure to say of my friend's book what I feel it so well deserves.

FRANCES H. GREEN.

This Book will contain about 300 pages of good print, on good paper, bound in muslin, for 75 cents. It will be furnished to Booksellers, Agents and all who wish to make large purchases, at \$6.50 a dozen, or \$50 a hundred.

It will be published this Spring—by May I hope.

You will all want the book, and I will purchase a large number so soon as they are out of the binders hands. Send in your orders so I may know how many will be wanted, but do not send the pay till the books are ready.

You, who have read the story thus far, remember little "Susie," blue-eyed, angel Susie. Well, she is indeed an angel now. Miss Willbor has written a sweet poem upon her death which I will copy for you. When you read the book you will learn all the particulars of the sickness and the passing to angel-land of Susie.

FRANCES BROWN.

SUSIE'S DEAD.

Softly, softly tread ye gently
Round the mourner's bed,
Only whisper tenderly;
"Susie's dead."

Shut out every noisy murmur
Made by thoughtless tongues,
Let no breath of song disturb her,
Careless ones.

None but those who love her dearly
Round her bedside stand;
Angels kindly, angels holy
Join the band.

Suddenly and strangely stricken
Is that household now;
All that love her deeply, darkly
Plunged in woe.

Move her white form carefully;
Smooth her nut brown hair,
With a young rose on her bosom
Sweet and fair.

Lay her round arms curving softly;
Deck her in her shroud;
Let the whiteness hover round her
Like a cloud.

On the hill top where the light-plays
Unrestrained and free
Where glad nature's slightest breath is
Melody.

Lay her frail form carefully
Neath the grassy mound,
Where the bright flowers lovingly
Cluster round.

On the bosom of Our Father
Rests the weary head;
Tell the weeping mother, Sister
Is not dead.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 2.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I propose in this lesson, to tell you how the rocks which compose the crust of the earth are constituted, or describe the elements which build up the world. It would be more pleasing to speak of living beings and the long line of original forms we find in the rocks, but you could not understand that subject as well if we did not pause a while and view the material in which they are enveloped. I shall not speak of all these, only the most important claiming our attention.

Of gases, we have oxygen and hydrogen; of non-metallic elements, potash, soda, lime, alumina, silic; of metals, iron, zinc, tin, copper, lead, silver, mercury, gold, platinum. This list embraces all the most important elements, but it could be greatly extended, as the number of elements now discovered is over sixty-three. Most of which, however, exist such minute quantities in the rocks we shall examine, that they are of little consequence. Oxygen gas forms twenty-one parts of the air we breathe and is invisible. When united with hydrogen, it forms water, which subjected to cold becomes the crystalline rock, of a very beautiful appearance, known as ice. Oxygen supports life, living beings could not exist without it, and forms, in its various combinations with other elements, a large proportion of the globe. Iron rust, is an oxide of iron, or oxygen united with iron. Silic is a fine white powder when pure, when crystalized it looks like glass. Sand is silic, white sand being nearly pure silic. Most of the grey cobble stones in our fields are silic, or what is the same, quartz. It forms one-fifth, if not more, of the crust of the globe.

Lime forms a large proportion of the crust. It exists in vast beds of lime-stone, and in some places as chalk forms very high cliffs, as in England—which can be seen at a great distance, and are very imposing. It seems that all lime-stone was deposited by corals, and other marine animals.

Alumina, is the basis of clay and, of course, is very abundant. Potash and soda, enter into the composition of almost all rocks, especially into the granite.

The metals sometimes are distributed through the rocks, but generally exist in veins or strata. Gold is scattered in their grains through quartz, and iron is found coloring or uniting very many rocks, especially sand-stones, but usually these are found in narrow seams in the rocks. Copper is found in large masses in Lake Superior, and mountains of iron are found in the same locality, but this is exceptional. Iron is the only metal found in considerable deposits, and is probably more abundant than all other metals combined. A happy thing, for it is more valuable, and used in greater quantities than all the others.

Mrs. F. D. GAGE in writing about Rev. T. K. Beecher's love for children says:

The little ones in his flock will never ask, as did the little daughter of a Puritan mother, who had taught her child that Heaven would be one long, long Sabbath; and at the same time had told her that little girls who played, and sang, and laughed, and danced on Sunday, would be sent to hell.—"Mamma," said this young child, "if I am good when I go to heaven and learn my Sabbath school lesson, and don't play or make any noise for a good long while, don't you think God will let me go down to hell some afternoon and have a good play?"

From the London Spiritual Magazine.
PROF. AGASSIZ' EXPERIENCE.

Louis Agassiz is a man of whom America is justly proud. He is one of her greatest sons; and his reputation is not confined to his own country, for it is as wide as civilization. Although, like many other men, both very great and very little, he is not satisfied of the facts of spiritualism, he has had a wonderful experience of his own, which he himself tells of, but wisely says he cannot account for. Our readers, however, will not be in great difficulty to place it among the facts to which it belongs.

Agassiz is a great physiologist and geologist—a second Humboldt in fact—and had been deeply cogitating upon a fossil which had been recently discovered, having new and remarkable peculiarities. It was apparently the connecting link between vertebrate and the lower animals, as the mudfish from Africa, exhibited in the Crystal Palace, is the connecting link between fishes and reptiles; but what was mortifying to him was, that the very part of the fossil which should have showed the most interesting part was covered with the strong deposit in which it was imbedded.

Whilst pondering the subject in bed he fell asleep, and in a dream he was delighted to have the whole of the hidden part, and all its mechanism and differences clearly displayed before his eyes, and besides to see intuitively the exact place which it filled in comparative anatomy. He awoke in the morning with the subject fresh in his mind, but, alas, no sooner did he try to recall it, than the whole of what he had seen vanished from his memory, and all he could remember was that he had seen it in its most satisfactory extent.

The next night, again thinking deeply of it, he fell asleep, and the whole scene was again presented before his mind. He determined to try to remember it, and to make an effort to awake, but he slept on, and in the morning had again forgotten all that he so desired to remember. He determined that if he should ever dream it again, that he would make the strongest effort to awaken, and have paper by his bedside, on which to fix his information.

Accordingly, on going to bed, he placed some paper and a pencil beside him, again thinking of his wonderful fossil, when what was his delight during his sleep, at finding the whole for the third time clearly pictured before him. Now then to awake, and transfer it to the paper! But no—he still slept on, and in the morning was distressed beyond measure to find that the whole had entirely vanished from his memory.

In this disconsolate state he commenced to dress, but had not proceeded far when his eyes fell on the paper and pencil by his bedside, and, going to them, he was astonished to find upon the paper an accurate drawing of the complete fossil, with all its parts. It was in fact the picture of his vision, and gave him again all he had seen in his sleep. He tells this himself, and says that he cannot account for the picture being there—whether he got up and did it himself, or whether it was done by other means with which our readers, who are acquainted with direct spirit-writing and drawing, are familiar.

Having secured his drawing, the Professor compared it with the fossil, and as his curiosity was now largely excited, he ventured on endeavoring to uncover that part of it which was concealed under the stony deposit; applying a fine chisel to the part, he was fortunate enough to remove the covering, and then was displayed before his eyes the exact counterpart of his picture and his three dreams. If he were not a Professor, we think he might, after such a fact believe in spiritual laws and energies, and in himself.

"Stand up, man! Stand!
God made us all!
The wine transcends the froth—
The living skin the cloth—
Both rich and poor are small.

Stand up, man! Stand!
Free heart, free tongue, free hand,
Firm foot upon the sod!
And eyes that fear but God—
What e'er your state or name,
Let these prefer your claim!
If there be anything you want—

SPEAK UP! we may respect a churl, but we hate a sycophant."

REFORM BOOKS may be purchased of G. B. Pond, Marion, O.; Mrs. E. D. Watrous, Munroe Center, O.; A. B. French, Clyde, O.; Mrs. Julia Starr, Stow, O.; and of James Cooper, M. D., Bellefontaine, O.

**SAMUEL CROBAUGH'S
NEW
Ambrotype & General Picture Establishment,**
Superior Street, East side the Square, opposite the Post Office,
in Hoffman's Block, Cleveland, Ohio.

LIST OF PRICES FOR THIS SEASON.

Sizes, 1-16ths,.....	\$ 25
" 1-9ths, common case,.....	50
" 1-6ths, gilt case,.....	1 00

Larger and better Cases at lower rates. We would be pleased to see at this place our friends and former customers, and all others who desire a good picture at a trifling cost.

BOOKS FOR SALE!

A GENERAL Assortment of Liberal Books are for sale at 288 Superior Street, a few doors east of Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. Among them may be found the following:

Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World, by Robert Dale Owen. This highly interesting volume is one of the most valuable contributions yet offered to the literature of Spiritualism, being a record of facts and experiences, carefully gathered by him during his late residence in Europe. Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents.

Helper's Impending Crisis; Unabridged, large 12mo volume, 420 pages, cloth, \$1. Octavo edition, paper covers, 50 cents.

James Redpath's Life of John Brown, an elegant 12mo. volume of 400 pages, illustrated and embellished with a superb Steel Portrait. Price \$1.

The Bible; is it a Guide to Heaven? by George B. Smith. Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents.

A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration, by Datus Kelley, 25 cents.

The Bible; is it of Divine Origin, Authority and Influence? by S. J. Finney. Price, in cloth, 40 cents, in paper 25 cents.

Thirty-Two Wonders; or the skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. Durais. Price, in cloth, 40 cents, in paper, 25 cents.

A History of all Religions; containing a statement of the Origin, Development, Doctrines and Government of the Religious Denominations in the United States and Europe, with biographical notices of eminent Divines, Edited and completed by Samuel M. Smucker, A. M.; 320 page, 12mo. Price, bound in fine muslin, \$1, full gilt sides and edges, \$1.50.

The Great Harmonia.—Volume V. The Thinker. Price \$1.

Two Christmas Celebrations is the title of a little book by Theodore Parker. It is classed with Juvenile books, but "Aunt Kindly" will not be confined to the nursery, and "Uncle Nathan" will tell the simple story of his early love to hearts whose heads have grown gray.—Price, post paid, 50 cents.

Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial; Phonographically reported and prepared for publication by Philo Hermes. Price 15 cents; postage 4 cents.

Where the postage is not given it will be understood the postage will be prepaid. Stamps may be sent instead of change.

We have made arrangements to have all the Reformatory Books so soon as they are issued from the press. They will be sold at New York prices.

All orders should be sent to,

H. F. M. BROWN,
Agitator Office, Cleveland, Ohio.

TEETH PRESERVER.

WE have for sale an excellent article for preserving the teeth and gums. By an experience of ten years we may safely recommend it to the public.

It can be sent by mail. Directions accompany the boxes. Price 12 cents per box, postage 8 cents. One third discount at wholesale.

**ARCANA OF NATURE,
Or, The History and Laws of Creation,**

By HUDSON TUTTLE,

With an Appendix by DATUS KELLEY.

Our bark is Reason, Nature as our Guide.

PLAN.—I. To show how the universe was evolved from chaos, by established laws inherent in the constitution of matter.

II. To show how life originated on the globe, and to detail its history from its earliest dawn to the beginning of written history.

III. To show how the kingdoms, divisions, classes and species of the living world, originated by the influence of conditions operating on the primordial elements.

IV. To show how man originated from the animal world, and to detail the history of his primordial elements.

V. To show how mind originates, and is governed, by fixed laws.

VI. To prove man an immortal being, and that his immortal state is controlled by as immutable laws as his physical state.

Price \$1; postage 18 cents.

A VARIETY OF LETTER PAPER AND ENVELOPS. Wholesale and Retail.

SILVER SOAP.

PREPARED especially for cleaning and polishing Silver Plated and Britannia Wares, and for cleaning Mirrors, Marble, Tin, &c.

Directions for using sent with the Soap. Price 13 cents per cake.

PROSPECTUS.

THE AGITATOR;

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Reform.

It will be the Representative of no party or sect. With its "mottoes" for texts, it will go forth to uproot Falsehood and present Truth. We would gather the good and help to destroy the evil wherever found.

The degradation of Man, the destiny of Woman, and the rights of Children, will be subjects for discussion. We hope thereby, to right some of the wrongs that are cursing our world.

If we fail to accomplish what we are hoping to do, our faith will still remain unshaken in the righteousness of the cause we plead.

To the True and the Brave, to the lovers of God and Humanity EVERYWHERE, we extend the hand of fellowship, hoping to be recognized as a worker in the Master's vineyard.

SINGLE COPY,.....\$1 00

Subscription for three or six months at the same rate.

All letters should be addressed to

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. C. P. BRONSON'S NEW CURES

FOR

Consumption, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and all other Chronic Diseases arising from Over-Use, General Debility, or Nervous Prostration.

THEIR RANGE OF CURE.

Consumption, Throat Diseases, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Headaches, Palpitation of the Heart, Neuralgia, Loss of Appetite, Inability to Sleep, Depression of Spirits, Irregularities, and Male and Female Weakness, &c.

In all cases of Chronic Complaints peculiar to females these Preparations will be found invaluable.

THERE ARE FIVE DIFFERENT PREPARATIONS.

No. 1.—FOR COLDS, COUGHS, THROAT DISEASE, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION OF LUNGS AND BOWELS, etc. Affections of the Vocal Organs, Brain and Heart, Dropsy, and other Chronic Complaints, arising from Over-Use, General Debility, or Nervous Prostration.

No. 2.—For Liver Complaints,

And their usual accompaniments.

No. 3.—For Dyspepsia,

And all its common attendants.

No. 4.—Woman's Restorative;

Including the TRUE ORDER OF NATURE, and preventing those Occasional Distresses to which some are peculiarly liable.

No. 5.—Man's Regenerator,

FOR OVER-TAXED AND OVER-WORKED Brain and Nerves, or any other Organs; and especially for Affections of the Kidneys, Bladder, etc., are anything else inducing Weakness, Hypochondria or Prostration of any of the Bodily or Mental Powers.

PRICE \$1 per bottle, (with full directions,) or \$5 for six bottles; (enough to cure any ordinary case,) sent everywhere by Express.

For sale (wholesale and retail) at the Agitator office.

H. F. M. BROWN, Agent.

Mrs. METTLER'S CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP, for Languid and Unequal Circulation, Derangement of the Secretions, Sick and Nervous Headache, Bilious Obstructions, Inactivity of the Liver, Scrofula, &c. Price, quart bottles \$2; pint bottles \$1.

DISENTERY CORDIAL, Price 50 cents per bottle.

ELIXIR FOR CHOLERA, and severe Choleric Pains, Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, &c. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE.—This is the best of all remedies for Bilious Obstructions, Acidity of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation of the Bowels, Headache, Febrile symptoms occasioned by Colds or Worms, &c. Price 50 cents per bottle.

PULMONARIA.—An excellent remedy for Colds, Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, Hemorrhage, Asthma, Consumption, Whooping Cough and all diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Price, \$1 per bottle.

HEALING OINTMENT.—For Burns, Scalds, Fresh Cuts and Wounds of almost every description, Toils, Salt Rheum, Blisters Swelled and Sore Nipples, Glandular Swelling, Piles, Chapped hands or Chafings. Price, 25 cents per box.

UNPRECEDENT LINIMENT, which supplies a deficiency long felt, respecting causes of lameness and Weakness of several parts of the human system, Contracted Muscles and Sinews, Rheumatic, Inflammatory and Neuralgia Affections, Callosities and Stiff Joints, Spasmodic Contractions, &c. Price, \$1 per bottle.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BROWN MEETING,

HELD in the city of Cleveland on the 2d of December, 1859, are printed in book form. The Pamphlet contains the Speeches of Rev. J. C. White, C. H. Langston, R. P. Spaulding, Rev. A. Crooks, J. H. W. Toohy, D. R. Tilden, Rev. Mr. Brewster and A. G. Riddle. The proceeds of the book are for the benefit of the widows of the killed at Harper's Ferry and at Charlestown. Price 15 cents postage paid.

ALMANACS.—We have for sale "ells" Illustrated Phenological and Water Cure Almanacs for 1860. Prices, 6 cents.

A PRINTED CATALOGUE of Books for sale at the Agitator office, will be sent to those wishing it.